FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

ATLANTA PREPARING TO CELEBRATE AN IMPORTANT ANNIVERSARY.

The Rise, Progress and Prosperity of the Chicago of the South Will Be Illustrated In Interesting Fashion—Her Remarkable Growth Since the War.

Georgia's capital, the busy and prosperous city of Atlanta, will celebrate on the 20th of December the fiftieth anniversary of her incorporation as a town. The proper date of the event is the 23d, but it was deemed best to advance it because of the Christmas holidays.

Preparations for the celebration were inaugurated several weeks ago by the Pioneers' association of the city, the membership of which comprises most of the old settlers who are still alive, including a few venerable men who were residents at the time of the incorporation. Mr. W. L. Calhoun, a prominent citizen, is president of the association and directs the arrangements for the celebration. The chamber of commerce and the Manufacturers' association are assisting the pioneers, and the prospect is that the commemoration will be in all respects worthy of the occasion. The programme as at present arranged includes a grand procession of the civic and military organizations of the city, with cars illustrating many of her industries; a number of addresses by prominent public men and such other divertisements as may be deemed appropriate.

The illustrative cars will have to be very numerous and of unusual significance to properly represent the rapid growth and extraordinary advancement of a city like

W. L. CALHOUN.

Atlanta, of which even a detailed statement fails to convey any adequate conception. Fifty years ago there were not more than a dozen families residing within the circle of nine miles that forms the city limits. Today there is a population of 120,000 souls living within that area, and it is the boast of Atlantans that a larger proportion of the citizens are handicraftsmen than in in any other city in the south.

Atlanta was not Atlanta in 1843. It was Marthasville and was so called in honor of the youngest daughter of Governor Wilson Lumpkin. The name was changed four or five years later when the town was reincorporated, having outgrown its village charter.

From the outset Atlanta's record has been one of progressive growth. At the beginning of the war she was a busy city of perhaps 20,000 inhabitants. At the close of the war she was a scene of desolation and ashes. But she never put on any sackcloth nor did any wailing. She just went to work, and the splendid city of today, with its imposing architectural piles of brick and mortar, stone and iron, churches, schools, public buildings, and above all, its business edifices, is the monument to her success.

The historian and the historical student of future ages will find few problems more perplexing than the rapid growth of American cities of the present day. The co-operative enterprise that has created simultaneously several scores of magnificent centers of civilization cannot fail to remain a matter of wonder. The history of Atlanta will not be without its effect on the general problem, for it will be remembered that the city of today is practically the outgrowth of but a quarter of a century of uninterrupted peace, progression and prosperity. It will seem as marvelous in its way as the story of Chicago after the great fire—more marvelous when it is recollected that it is due to the recuperated energies of a vanquished people for whom nothing seemed left but hopelessness and oblivion. The optimist of the future will find in it the text for many a sermon. The pessimist must look elsewhere for his illustrations.

Atlanta derives many advantages from her peculiar geographical situation at the foot of the mountains in the heart of the Piedmont region. It seems as if nature had intended the site for a railroad center and distributing point, and the result is a trade extending all over the southern United States and indirectly all over the best parts of the world. Her trade in cotton alone this year will amount to upward of $6,000,000, and she has violated all southern antibellum traditions by establishing mills of her own to work up a considerable amount of the staple. Other manufacturing industries have added their impetus to the general prosperity, and the chimneys of her factories vie with the steeples of her churches in marking the location of an enlightened community.

No doubt the general salubrity of her climate has had its effect on the enterprise of Atlanta's citizens. Healthy men have healthful thoughts, and active brains are potent with creative energies. The climate of her neighborhood is delightful throughout the year. It is never too cold in winter, and seldom too hot in summer for comfort, and the city is removed from the belt of those contagious diseases that sometimes devastate other cities of the south. Her healthfulness has attracted progressive and energetic men from many other places, and ever cautious capital has not been afraid to invest in her enterpises. The taxable valuation of her property was increased during the past year over $1,500,000.

Her educational and religious institutions are Atlanta's pride, as they are the pride of every American city worthy of the name. Twenty thousand pupils are enrolled in her public schools, and every religious denomination has a house of worship in the city, and some of them more than one. All of these structures are architectually creditable, and many of them of surprising beauty. Since the reconstruction period in 1868, when she became the state capital, some handsome public buildings have been erected, and she has an opera house of which she may well be proud, while her newer business structures rival in altitude and appointment those of many cities of larger population. Taken all in all, it may be said that Atlanta has done her full share in the creation of that new south of which her lamented Grady was the apostle.

Getting Even.

Watchful Mother—Have you complied with my wishes and informed Mr. Russer that he can have but one kiss when he says "Good night?"

Dutiful Daughter—Yes, ma.

"And how does it affect him?"

"He says 'Good night' much earlier and oftener than he used to."—Tit-Bits.

Scotch Weather.

American Tourist (to a boy in Glasgow)—I say, my boy, I've been waiting here a fortnight for fair weather. Does it always rain in Scotland?

Boy—Na, na, sir; not always. Sometimes it snaws.—Boston Courier.

HAS TRIED IT HIMSELF.

Mr. Chamberlain's Experiment With the Federation of English Speaking Races.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., who recently brought his American wife home for a visit to her relatives and a glance at the World's fair, is credited with a utopian scheme for the unification of all the English speaking countries of the earth in one great federate republic. He is said to believe that such a union could be brought about without the necessity of a written constitution and to have predicted that it is much nearer accomplishment than most men now anticipate. It is hard to tell whether "Orchid Joe," as he is called sometimes in England, was only joking the reporters or whether he sincerely holds the roseate views ascribed to him, but if such amicable sentiments could be guaranteed to result from all "international marriages" the comity of nations might be greatly promoted by encouraging foreigners to espouse our American girls. It is to be feared that there has been somewhat of a sentiment here against such a course. Now, however, that we have seen how much good may come of it we may have to revise our opinions.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain is tolerably well known in the United States as the English fisheries commissioner who came over here in 1887 to negotiate a treaty and returned the following year to marry the beautiful daughter of Mr. Endicott of Massachusetts, President Cleveland's first secretary of war. His popularity in Birmingham, which he represents in parliament, the immense fortune he made there in the manufacture of screws, his predilection for orchids and his desertion of Gladstone were all sufficiently exploited at that time, and his political career has been watched with more or less curiosity since.

The records proclaim Mr. Chamberlain to be 57 years of age, but he does not look it, though he has a slight stoop in the shoulders. His features are fine and clean cut, and he still sticks to the monocle and side whiskers that old pictures of him made familiar and has the same imperturbable air and impassive demeanor. His manner is coldly courteous, as is the habit of successful men, and his heart does not go out to our great, free people, after the manner of leading men in other lines who come seeking advertisement and dollars. His son A[illegible]in, who accompanies him, and who is also in parliament, is a younger copy of himself, monocle and all.

IN PICTURESQUE PERTHSHIRE.

Mr. Gladstone Spends His Vacation at Blackcraig Castle.

In "The Fair Maid of Perth" Scott describes Perthshire as the fairest and most picturesque of Scotch counties. Mr. Gladstone evidently agrees with the great novelist, for he chose to spend his vacation this year at Blackcraig castle on the banks of the Ardle, a retreat which he selected because of the beauty of its environment, aided somewhat in his choice perhaps by the fact that with a postoffice and telegraph only a mile from the gates communication with the ends of the earth is merely a matter of a few minutes.

The castle is an old looking structure, though it is really a modern building, dating only from 1848. It was built by the late Patrick Allan-Fraser after plans and ideas of his own and under his own superintendence. One of his notions was to preserve all rough and weather beaten stone surfaces as much as possible, the more lichen covered the better, and these were invariably turned outward in the walls, the result being a structure that looks a hundred years older than it really is, a delusion that is assisted greatly by the ivy which has taken so kindly to the walls.

The rooms of the castle are for the most part small, too much space being given up to spiral staircases and lobbies. The drawing room, however, is spacious enough, high in the ceiling, well lighted and handsome. The dining room, in the basement, is lower and somewhat less imposing. The furniture of the house is all antique and of foreign manufacture, and Mr. Gladstone, who is somewhat of a connoisseur in such things, expressed his appreciation of it.

The garden is not at all pretentious, but has a sundial which shows the difference between Blackcraig and Greenwich time. The house is barely a stone's throw from

BLACKCRAIG CASTLE.

the highway, but is quite secluded because of the number of sturdy trees about the place, which, like the house, look older than they are, every one of them having been planted since 1847. One of the curious features of the place is a bridge which spans the Ardle, which is surmounted by a castellated house with a transverse archway beneath it for a carriageway. This bridge is of later date than the house, having been finished only in 1885. Some of the stones used in its construction are 12 feet long and 6 feet in width. They are of a peculiarly hard granite, very difficult to work, and it took a strong force of masons working constantly four years to complete the structure.

Peculiarities of the Letter Q.

The letter Q is a superfluous alphabetic character—a nondescript of the worst sort, and of no more real value in expressing or helping to express our thoughts in writing than one of the Chinese word signs would be. It never ends an English word and cannot begin one without the aid of the letter u, being invariably followed by the last mentioned letter in all words belonging to our language. The man doesn't live that can tell the "why" of the peculiar relation of the letters q and u, or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original q, when sounded just as it is today, was made without the cue, the character much resembling the English sign for pounds (£).—St. Louis Republic.

Curfew Revived In Canada.

The old custom of ringing the curfew has been reinstated in the villages and towns of Canada, in accordance with an act passed at the last session of parliament. This new act is not quite so strict as the old one. It requires that all children under 17 shall be off the street at 9 o'clock, the hour of the ringing of the curfew.

No Hung Juries In Germany.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands 6 against 6, the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of 7 against 5 leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of 8 against 4 the prisoner is convicted.

Stanley's Death Roll.

The death of Surgeon Parke removes another from the diminishing roll of the survivors of the Emin relief expedition. Now only four remain of the nine Europeans who started with Mr. Stanley.

DICKENS' FLOWERED GRAVE.

A Story of Remarkable Interest to the Novelist's American Admirers.

A recent magazine contained the touching story of Miss Mamie Dickens concerning the last days of her father, in which occurs the following paragraph referring to the floral decoration of his last resting place in Westminster abbey: "Dean Stanley wrote, 'There was a constant pressure to the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed by unknown eyes.'" And Miss Dickens adds: "And every year on the 9th of June and on Christmas day we find other flowers strewn by unknown hands on that sacred spot. And every year there comes to us from America, from a lovely woman whom we have never met, many of your beautiful colored leaves to be placed with our flowers on that dear stone. And this although it will be 22 years in June since he died."

Visiting Chenango county in this state a few weeks since, I met the sister of the American lady above referred to and persuaded her to furnish a copy of the following correspondence for publication, with the proviso that "no names be mentioned." The thoughtful and appreciative lady herself who wrote the letter to Dickens during his stay in the states in 1868 was then a resident of Massillon, O., where she still resides, but was formerly of Chenango county:

MASSILLON, O., Feb. 4, 1868.

DEAR MR. DICKENS—I have been greatly exercised during the last 20 years as to the propriety of writing to thank you for all the good your writings have done me, but knowing you must receive a great many such letters, and doubtless find them a bore I have hitherto spared you. But now I have a case to present, and having great faith in your kindness of heart I hope for the happiest results. To tell you that you have many warm admirers in this place is tame and meaningless—they abound everywhere—but when I tell you there are two young lady teachers in our union school who cannot hope to live or die happy if they fail to hear you read, and the directors cannot find it in their hearts to give them more than one day for the purpose (Gradgrinds all), and it will not be sufficient to enable them to go to Cleveland—and we don't know that you will read nearer than that—you see what a deplorable situation is theirs.

I have suggested burning the schoolhouse or poisoning the superintendent, but the building is brick, and the superintendent is young and handsome, and so in despair I can do no less than present their case to you. Now, I can hear you at Cleveland, but my pleasure will be very much increased if we can all go together, and if you will only read at Pittsburg we can go there in the time given, and we shall be three of the happiest persons this side of the Atlantic, and if you see a big woman (with two smaller ones in tow) rushing after you fear not, for that will be me and my friends, and we shall only want to thank you.

P. S.—Since I am writing you at last let me say I have read everything you have written from two to six times, and I would not if I could have one line—no, nor one word—blotted out; but, like Oliver, cry for more.

Second P. S.—I hope Mr. Dolby will not be so hard hearted as to destroy this letter, thinking it is from a foolish young girl, but if you fail to receive it you may know that he has and if you fail to read at Pittsburg I shall shall know it too. I did not intend to sign my name, but on second thoughts I will. Very truly yours, MRS. —— ——.

BALTIMORE, February, 1868.

DEAR MADAM—Mr. Dolby has not come between us, and I have received your letter. My answer to it is unfortunately brief. I am not coming to Cleveland or near it. Every evening on which I can possibly read during the remainder of my stay in the States is arranged for, and the fates divide me from "the big woman with two smaller ones in tow." So I send her my love—to be shared with the two smaller ones if she approves, but not otherwise—and seriously assure her that her pleasant letter has been most welcome. Dear madam, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

It is hardly necessary to say that the lady realized the longed for pleasure of hearing Mr. Dickens read by going to Washington.

It may be of interest also to know that the veritable Master Humphrey's clock, which was supposed to be the receptacle of so many of the manuscripts which have amused and charmed the public, is still in existence, the property of Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, editor of The Shoe and Leather Reporter, a warm admirer of Mr. Dickens. It was presented to him some 16 or 17 years since by an English friend. On its arrival it was put in good running order and located. To celebrate the event a feast was prepared, which was attended by hosts of the admirers of Mr. Dickens in the "Swamp" and elsewhere, and probably no more heartfelt tribute was ever paid to the great author than on that occasion. And still Master Humphrey's clock, duly and appropriately labeled, can be seen at the office of The Shoe and Leather Reporter, 17 Spruce street, New York, where its tick-a-tick night and day, year after year, accurately records the time for the benefit of the inmates.—E. H. Purdy in New York Sun.

Keeping His Hand In.

A ticket chopper on the Sixth avenue elevated has, by means of a nail and a piece of wire, rigged up a telegrapher's key on the iron fence leading to the platform. With it he sends and receives imaginary messages with great dexterity. The bigger the crowd the greater the dexterity.

"You've got that business down fine," was ventured the other night.

"Yep," he replied, without raising his head.

"Are you obliged to do it?"

"Nope."

"Then what do you do it for?"

"To keep my hand in in case I should strike something."

"You're an old timer, then?"

"Was with the —— people nine months; they said when I left that they might send for me if anything turned up."

"How long ago was that?"

"Seven years ago the 12th of next November."

Then he turned his face to one side in a professional sort of way and listened to the key, operated by himself, which in quick succession was saying:

"Come down; come down at once; please come down immediately."—New York World.

They Read by Pictures.

The common people of Russia, as a rule, speak only their own tongue. A large proportion of them cannot read the bewildering characters—Roman, Greek and composite—which form their alphabet, and to help their ignorance the shop walls are covered over with rudely painted pictures of articles for sale within. The butcher's shop has a picture of meats of all sorts and shapes. The tailor's walls are covered with paintings of coats and trousers. The pills of the apothecary and the vegetables of the green grocer are advertised by pictures upon the doors and windows of their stores.—New York Times.

The Retort Discourteous.

Husband—The smallest knowledge of human nature ought to have prevented you from making such a fool mistake as you made last night!

Wife—What opportunity have I had to study human nature living with you?—Chicago Record.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

You have all heard the story of Adam and Eve,
Who lived in the garden of Eden,
With nothing to wear but the leaves of the trees,
And nothing but apples to feed on;
How this poor, foolish pair with the curious minds,
The parents of everything human,
Fell into disgrace and were banished the place,
And of course it was blamed on the woman.

And ever since then, when a mortal has sinned—
No matter what form is his sinning—
The people who criticise utter the plea
That was used at the very beginning.
And cynical men, who a motive might seek,
Don't make any effort to find it,
But turn up their noses and ask, with a sneer,
Well, who was the woman behind it?
—Helen Combes in Kate Field's Washington.